White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

LYON.

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
The saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, Oh, clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun,
Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun,
The war-cloud gray and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the North
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly!
Serene he lay, while past him pressed
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he nought denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou died'st to save,
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
And grave thy name immortal!

Select Tale.

ADVENTURE IN THE WEST.

BY A NORTHERN RANGER.

I had agreed to deliver certain dispatches to an agent of the United States Government at a small house on the Missouri shore of the Mississippi river, some distance below St. Louis. The time at which the meeting was to take place, and the dispatches were to be delivered, was specified for a certain night. The errand I had undertaken might be attended with danger, and was undoubtedly surrounded by uncertainties. My conveyance on this mission was a small skiff carrying a light sail, with which I skimmed the waters of the mighty river. The night was dark and the air was sultry; not a light could be distinguished on either shore as I kept my mid-stream course. I eagerly peered to the right and left, ahead and astern, and listened intently for any unusual sound. Nothing was visible but the gloomy river, and nothing audible but its mysterious murmurs.

Once I thought I heard the whispering of voices, but that might be the sighing of the breeze which at that instant just touched with a faint ripple the face of the water. I did not fear pursuit or interruption. I doubted if my errand was suspected by any one except those between whom I was then acting as courier, but there was someting not to be defied constantly urging me to the alert. The darkness became more intense, or seemed to be so. The air grew closer. I could but faintly distinguish the Illinois shore, the banks of which I had been drawing nearer for some time, having drifted from mid-stream; whilst the Missouri bank was invisible.

Heavy drops of rain began suddenly to patter upon the water and the breeze freshened. The wind blew down the stream, and my little craft tore along at a rapid rate; the foam gathered and flew; the black river swelled, and tossed, and roared; and the rain soaked me to the skin and half filled my boat, while the lightning flashed with such blinding intensity that I seemed rushing through the contending elements. Along shore at intervals, I heard the barkings of dogs belonging to some lonely farm. I now stood for the the Missouri shore, and away flew the little craft, careening to the blast.

Suddenly there was a strange sound in my ears, low but distinct and threatening. The boat's keel was grating upon gravel. The next instant she had struck upon a sand-bar. Letting fly the sheet of my sail altogether, I seized an oar and sounded on both sides and ahead; there was not depth enough to float in any direction. I leaped into the river and shoved my boat astern, until she who was clear of the bar. Again embarking, I endeavored to escape the dangerous shoal by coasting along its uneven and treacherous extremity. This I was laboring to achieve when a violent gust of wind, aided by some whirling eddy, drove my little craft again thumping on the sand-bar. I flung myself on one of the thwarts, almost determined to wait for the light of morning, if the slender craft could bear so long the heavy and continuous strainings and the destructive knocks she seemed to be receiving at every instant.

I was busied in bailing out the boat, when a vivid flash of lightning revealed, within a few feet of me, the figure of a man standing in the water, drenched and pallid, whose eyes, with a fixed glare, were seemingly bent upon mine, and in an instant all was darkness as before.

The sudden appearance of this object; its attitude erect and rigid; the deadly pallor of the countenance, and the immobility of the eye, together with its aparent flight with the vanishing lightning, half justified me in deeming it the water-haunting ghost of some lost boatman whose body had perished on the bar.

An intolerable feeling possessed me—a feeling of astonishment and horror, which clung to me with the parylizing power of a nightmare. I endeavored to shout, but my voice was as an infant's, and I felt my flesh creeping and my blood frozen. Presently I felt the side of the boat shaken by some other cause than that of the waves, and the next instant a hand was laid on my shoulder. It was no light one; but its grasp seemed as though it would tear my coat from my back, and my flesh with it.

All my energies returned at that embrace. My icy bood ran hot, my limbs quivered, no longer with an unknown fear, but with a wild rage against an unknown object.

"Who are you?" I muttered between my teeth. "And what means this attack on me? Are you a river thief or a maniac?"

The reply was a violent struggle on the part of my half-captured and half-strangled foe. But his strangling was in vain. My grasp had been a sure one, and had become too tenacious of its prey for the freedom its efforts could never gain. At that moment I seemed endowed with a power I never before had known, and some stray devil seemed to have possession of my faculties, and comaud with exulting ferocity every action. At length the struggling became weaker, and I had my enemy powerless. In less time than a minute I dragged him into the skiff, and he lay panting at the bottom, half immersed in the water she still held. Placing the muzzle of my revolver against his brow, I made him feel the steel he could not see, and threatening him with instant death if he moved, I demanded the reason of his attack on me and the cause of his presence on the sand-bar.

"I took you for my runaway nigger," he answered, "and my boat was swamped on the bar, and my companion's gone, too—his body by this time's half-way to Cairo. He was a man I hired to follow the varmint. We were both together, and had been dodging you some time, when the breeze sprang up and we lost you."

"How did you strike the sand-bar?" I asked. "Why did you not make right for the Illinois shore, when you suspected me to be a runaway? Was he not more more likely to make for the free soil than to be coasting down the river?" The fellow's treacherous approach upon me had made me suspicious of some design of further ill he contemplated, and I half doubted the story of the fugitive negro.

He replied that, as I kept right down stream, never attempting to make for the shore, a doubt had risen in the minds of my pursuers, and to clear it they were determined to keep up the pursuit in that direction, especially as there was a settlement of free colored people some miles down in Illinois, where it was likely the slave might be fleeing. On the other side of the river, he said there dwelt a noted Abolitionist, who had aided the escape of many a slave, and at his hands he vowed he would demand the fugitive.

I was somewhat startled at a discovery I made during this colloquy. The agent to whom I was bound and the friend of the black man were one and the same individual. This I knew by his name being repeated by my liberated foe, the and house in which he lived, close to the river bank, was the haven whither I was then bound. This house, I discovered, stood scarcely a mile below the sand-bar. I knew it could not be much father down, but the presence of this bar had been unknown to me until that night, and my reckoning had become confused by it. The planter, for such he was, also said that the point of the bar nearest to Missouri was but a few yards from the spot on which my boat was then stuck, and offered to assist me in getting her fairly afloat again, and clear of the fatal shoal. I accepted the offer, and together we shoved her into deep water. I took the helm whilst he drew aft the sheet, and by the aid of an oar to leward, as before, we managed to clear the bar altogether. By this time the rain had ceased, and the gale had become almost a calm. The lightning flashed no more. The moon shone faintly and the stars were out, although dark masses still swept athwart the heavens.

The planter told me the same flash which revealed his presence to me, as I have related, gave the first intimation of mine to him. Now we had a fairer chance of viewing the personal attractions of each other. His features were heavy, his lips thick and treacherous-looking, I thought, judging by the imperfect survey which I was able to make of them in the indistinct light shed by a feeble moon and a few straggling stars. He seemed a man whose years might have been forty.

We were now within a few yards of the shore. On a gentle rise from a low sand beach, stood the house of the agent. A few moments afterwards I beached the boat; then jumping out, ran her half way out of the water, furled the sail, bailed out what little water remained in her, and bidding my companion farwell, approached quickly the dwelling. "Good night," cried the planter; "we will meet agin before the next night rolls round. I have an account to settle with your friend, the Abolitionist!" and he went his way.

I sought the agent, was admitted into the house, delivered my despatches, and in a quarter of an hour was in bed, buried in deep slumber.

I was roused from this state of happiness by the agent, urging me in the name of Heaven, to dress myself instantly, as the house was surrounded by secessionists, swearing to burn the roof over his head. I sprang from my couch, and he led me to the window, and there I beheld them. Twenty men at least surrounded the house, all armed with fowling pieces or rifles. They had piled quantities of wood about the porch of the dwelling, and were evidently bent on firing it. No person lived here except the agent and an Irishman, who acted as his servant, and who had gone over to Illinois, the day before, on business, and had not returned. Consequently we were alone.

The agent said that our lives depended upon our quitting the house and escaping there and then. We acted upon the suggestion at once, stole out the back way when all our assailants were collected in the front. The agent went with rifle in hand; I with my revolver. My skiff offered the surest chance of escape, as by vigorous pulling we might soon be beyond the reach of their pieces. We had nearly gained the boat, when a frightful shout proclaimed the Secessionists had detected our escape. At the same time I discovered the negro-hunting planter, directly in front of us, by the side of the boat. His laugh of fiendish exultation, as he pointed to the house now in flames, was cut short by a bullet from the agent's rifle, which caused him to leap forward a yard and fall dead on the beach.

We were afloat, and that was all, when a full discharge from our foes caused the bullets to whistle past us, but not a wound did they deal either of us. Discharge after discharge followed, but we passed through the ordeal scatheless, with the whizzing bullets, disappointed yells, and wild curses of the rebels ringing in our ears. The house of the agent was one mass of devouring flames when we landed on the shores of Illinois; but we had escaped, and that, he said, "might go."

A Rebel Jubilee.

A writer in the St. Louis Republican, giving an account of the seige of Lexington, thus describes the scenes after the surrender:

The scenes around the streets of Lexington on Friday, after the surrender, beggar all description. The howls of joy and drunken jubilation, coming from thirty thousand throats, made up a sound scarcely less than when two days before, eighteen pieces of artillery and ten thousand shall arms were shattering the air with hideous chorus. The officers of the Confederates were generally gentlemen, and behaved as such; but as for the common soldiers and their course that evening, I don't believe it could be equalled were all Hell to be turned loose for a general carnival. Whiskey, of course, was there—in men's brains, in their eyes, brandished in bottles, galloping "like mad" along the street, hoarsely bellowing over the grand victory, cursing, blaspheming, yelling, babbling, hurrahing—laying in the gutter, insulting prisoners, quarrelling among friends—thus and more, did whiskey—the grand moving spirit that won the battle, and then rejoiced over its success.

Very true, scarcely a hundred of all the Confederate troops were uniformed—scarcely two had guns alike—no two exhibited the same trappings. Here went one fellow in a shirt of brilliant green, on his side an immense cavalry sabre, in his belt two navy revolvers and a bowie knife, and slung from his shoulder a Sharp's Rifle. Right by his side was another, upon whose hip dangled a light medical sword, in his hand a double barreled shot gun, in his boot an immense sythe, on his heel the inevitable spur, his whole appearance from tattered boot, through which gazed audaciously his toes, indicating that the plunderings of many a different locality made up his whole. Generally, the soldiers were armed with shot guns or squirrel rifles; some had the old flint lock muskets, a few had Minie guns, and others Sharp's or Maynard's rifles, while all, to the poorest, had horses.

The very *elite* of the Confederate forces were there—Generals Price, Rains, Slack, Parsons, Harris, Green, Hardee, were all there—Colonels Saunders, Hayn, Beal, Turner, Craven, Clay, and in short, I believe the balance of the 35,000 men all either Colonels of Majors, as I was introduced to no one who was not either one or the other.

The treatment extended by the Confederate officers to the prisoners was both humane and courteous—they protected them when possible from insult and plundering, and as much as possible extended to them the courtesies with which a chivalrous enemy always treats a conquered foe.

Latest revise of "Great Expectations"—Geo. B. McClellan.—*N. Y. Leader.*

Miscellaneous.

"ON THE MARCH."

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Huzza! the regiment is ready—
Our knapsacks full, our bay'nets bright;
Come, comrades, let us stand as steady,
Marshalled and eager for the fight.

Strike we our tents, in order muster,
And wait the Colonel's first command;
Lift up our flag, and round it cluster,
Sworn to defend it heart and hand.

Our country calls; the drums are beating,
Throughout the land from East to West;
Advance! quick step! there's no retreating;
The proudest, bravest, are the best.

What though behind we leave our treasures,
Our household darlings, home-born joys,
Our work, our business, and our pleasures,
Our wives and sweethearts, girls and boys?

We go to win a richer booty
Than all our labor could afford;
We freely go to do our duty,
And see the rule of Right restored.

Then march, brave boys, with cheerful faces,
And join McClellan's mighty band,
Resolved to rise to noble places,
Or die to save our native land.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SLAVE SPANIELS.

Catch a Pennsylvania Democrat, and grind him in a mill,
And the chances are as nine to one, he'll come out blood-bound still;
But take him to the Battle-field, and, if "his time is out,"
He'll listen to the cannon's roar, and then he'll—face about,
And never stop till Quaker town his "loyal" visage sees;
For his only aim in life, you know, is Southern men to please,
And it would not be respectful to salute them with hot lead;
But, when Providence permits him, he will—hunt their slaves instead!
For it's "loyal" (everybody knows) to treat exceeding well
Those who hate us, and despise us, and against our laws rebel!
But to free a man from bondage is a deadly sin, and never
Will a Pennsylvania Democrat a negro's shackles sever,
Lest he lose his future Southern trade—and soil his snow-white liver!—[*Pine and Palm.*

An Original Zouave Letter.

The following is worthy the pen of the original "Doesticks," and is a pretty good "take off" on telegraphic reports:

I've just returned from witnessing one of the most mournful sights that ever made a man feel as though he had been peeling onions all the week and grating horse radish on Sunday. It was the dying scene of one of the Pet Lamme's down at Alexandria, and as one of Five's chaps remarked, it was enough to make the eye of a darning-needle weep. Jim was the name of the sufferer—if he ever had any other, it had slipped his memory—though his affectionate relatives sometimes called him "Shorty." He was out on picket guard, when the Southern Confederacy attempted to pass him. He challenged the intruder, and called to his comrades for help; but before the latter arrived, the Southern Confederacy drew a masked battery from his pocket, and fired six heavy balls through the head of the unfortunate Zouave, nearly fracturing his skull, and breaking several panes of glass. The cowardly miscreant then fled to an adjoining fence, closely pursued by Sherman's artillery.

Upon discovering that he was wounded, Mr. Shorty examined the cap on his musket, and stood it carefully against a tree, buttoned up his jacket to the neck, and asked his comrades for a chew of tobacco. Too full of emotion to speak, the gentlemanly comrade handed a plug of tobacco to the dying man, who cut off about half an ounce from it, placed it thoughtfully in his mouth, and then stuffed his handkerchief carefully in the hole in his forehead made by the shot.

"Is any of my brains hanging out?" he asked of his comrade.

"No, Shorty," answered the other, bursting into tears, "you never had any to hang out."

After this response, the dying man passed for a moment to spit in the eyes of a dog that was smelling round his heels, and then proceeded in the direction of the hospital. As he passed the officers' tent, I noticed that the top of his head was completely gone, and one of his eyes was half-way down the back of his neck. Upon entering the hospital, he took up a pipe and commenced to smoke it, at the same time giving us a history of his life and career. After finishing the pipe and history, he asked us to wrap him up in the American flag, and died.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that no such occurrence took place at Alexandria. The alarm was occasioned by the falling of a bundle of hay in the officers' quarters—the noise having been mistaken for the discharge of artillery. I have since learned that no accident has occurred, and that Shorty did not come with the regiment, but remained in New York.

THE IRISH ELEMENT.—The President, we read, realizes the importance of enlisting the Irish population in support of the war. We are glad of it, for wherever there is fighting or working to be done, the Irish element *is* a mighty one. We wish there had been twenty regiments like the New York 69th at Bull Run.

Ex-President Pierce's tour is said to have for its object to excite sedition and organize a rebellious opposition to the war. His associations are said to be chiefly with traitors, or "peace" men, to whom, in closet, he has made speeches, which they report to be convincing arguments against supporting the war.

In China, now, you can buy a dozen Chinese babies of their mothers for $2.

The Delicate Hospitality of the F. F. V.'s.

How a New York Man was Treated in Virginia.

Shortly after the battle of Stone Bridge, a gentleman who been largely engaged in mining operations in Virginia was requested by the directors here to go to Virginia and pass over to an agent there a considerable sum of money which rightfully belonged to the parttes in the Old Dominion as their share of the previous year's dividend. Mr. K. was strongly urged by his more intimate friends not to run the risk of an arrest, and perhaps prolonged incarceration; but relying on the purely commercial nature of his business, and the fact that he went to pay Virginians money which they had abandoned all hopes of receiving, he left with a light heart, assuring his anxious friends that he would be back in a fortnight at the farthest.

On reaching Washington he obtained, the necessary permits to pass him along our lines, and having hired a light wagon and a trusty driver, counted upon being able to reach Richmond without any serious detention, as he was perfectly familiar with all the lanes and by-paths throughout the entire distance. He had observed in the War Department at Washington a sinister-looking person, who seemed to be quite at home there, and who was treated with a good deal of deference by some of the clerks. He had also noticed him in other frequented public buildings, and had formed a certain dislike to him, without any apparent reason, except that his countenance seemed very forbidding.

As Mr. K. neared Manassas, this individual passed him on horseback, shortly after he heard the clattering of a troop of horses, and was presently surrounded by a portion of Col. Stewart's Light Cavalry, and carried by them to Gen. Beauregards headquarters, where he saw the same sinister looking person whom he had met a few days previous at the War Department in Washington. Orders were given to take him at once to Richmond and incarcerate him as a Federal spy.

When he assured the officials at Manassas that his business there was to pay money due the citizens of Virginia, they only laughed at him, and told him that such immaculate honesty was unknown among the "d—d Yankees."

On the road he was exhibited at almost every station as a spy, and was insulted in the grosest manner by women as well as men. Reaching Richmond, he was put into one of the jails. His room was very filthy—at night very cold and damp, being on the ground floor. His daily allowance consisted of a small piece of corn bread and two salt herrings, so rank and strong that it was next to impossible to eat them. In the same prison were a number of officers captured at Stone Bridge, who were suffering severely from their miserable diet, and damp, unwholesome quarters.

Mr. K. had with him Virginia funds stowed away in his belt. This, strange to say, had not been taken from him, and this alone proved his salvation. He repeatedly gave money to his jailor for the purpose of sending a telegraph to the gentleman who represented the Virginia stockholders in the mining interest; but he received no reply. One day a little girl came into the prison to bring some food to her father, *a resident of Richmond who was imprisoned on suspicion of being a Union man.* He fortunately saw her while taking an airing, and hurriedly writing a dispatch, he pinned it on the inside of her petticoat, and asked her to take it at once to the telegraph office. The little girl proved true, and in about two weeks his friend came to him. He was then released, suffering severely from the chills.

On being taken before the Judge who had consigned him to this loathsome prison, Shallow said he had been misinformed, and expressed regret, remarking that a friend of the cause had assured them that he was a Federal spy. This "friend of the cause," he afteawards met at a leading hotel in Richmond, the same person whom he saw at the War Department in Washington.

Mr. K. was now allowded the freedom of the city, but could not obtain a passport. At last he paid $100 to a lawyer who, for this moderate consideration, obtained for him the necessary document. Once free from Richmond, he made his way to Norfolk, and came down to Fortress Monroe last week under a flag of truce. There Gen. Wool was so impressed with the importance of his information that he sent him with dispatches to Gen. Scott. In Washington he saw Mr. Lincoln, Gen. McClellan and Secretary Cameron, who were somewhat startled at his account of the fellow, who seemed equally at home in the national Capital and that of the rebel Confederacy.

Mr. K., from careful observation of affairs in Richmond, is conviced that a reign of terror prevails there. The mass of people have been dragooned into rebellion by unscrupulous leaders, and he firmly believes that the presence of the Union army in Richmond would be hailed with joy by a large portion of the citizens. He confirms the stories of the miserable condition of the troops. They want warm garments for the winter, and do not know where to get them.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The whole number of West Point graduates, from 1802 to 1860, was less than two thousand.

A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY VANITY FAIR.

TUNE—"*Bruce's Address at Bannockburn.*"

Men, who hear Niag'ra's sound,
Men, who tread the far Gulf's bound,
Ours is Freedom's hallowed ground;
Freedom's heirs are we.
From the White Hills of the North
To the Colorado forth,
One the mighty Nation's birth,
One its destiny.
Hark! the watchword as we rally,
Over mountain, plain and valley,
God and Liberty!

Who hath sky of brighter gleams?
Broader lakes, or braver streams?
Eden-like, our wide land teems
With fertility.
Strong are we, with strength untold;
Span of iron, ribs of gold;
Firm in earth's foundations old,
Our security.
Hark! the watchword, &c.

Now the Eagle sweeping o'er
Our vast Empire's wave-girt shore,
Sees one margin—hears the roar
Of one winding sea.
Ours the realm of rock and river,
Binding all, with nought to sever;
God has made us one forever,
By a wise decree!
Hark! the watchword, &c.

One, in blood from many sires—
Mingled by Baptismal fires;
One, in pure faith that aspires
To eternity.
One, in household words and prayers;
One, in strength, that does and dares;
One, in all men prize, as heirs
Of high memory.
Hark! the watchword, &c.

By the rich blood our fathers shed;
By the wisdom of our dead,
Painting paths for us to tread,
In fraternity;
By past deeds of glory done;
By our name of Washington,
Hallowed is our Union,
Deathless it must be!
Hark! the watchword, &c.

William Brown and his Tract.

[Mackerel Brigade (Washington) Correspondence of the New York Mercury.]

* * * The women of America, my boy, are a credit to the American Eagle, and a great expense to their husbands and fathers, but they don't exactly understand the most pressing want of the soldier. For instance, a young girl about seventy-five years of age, has been sending ten thousand pious tracts to the Mackerel Brigade, and the consequence is, that the air around the camp has been full of spit-balls for a week. These tracts, my boy, are very good for dying sinners and other Southerners, but I'd rather have Bulwer's novels for general reading. William Brown, of Regiment Five, got one of them the other day headed, "Who is your Father?" The noble youth read the question over once or twice with emotion. (That brave youth's father, my boy, is a disgrace to his species; he has been sinking deeper and deeper in shame for some months past, until at last his name got on the Mozart ticket.) I saw that William didn't understand what the tract really meant, and so I explained to him that it was intended to signify that God was his father. The gifted young soldier looked at me dreamily for a moment, and then says he—

"God is my Father!" says he.—"Well, now I am hanged if that ain't funny; for, whenever mother spoke of dad, she always called him 'the old devil!'"

William never went to Sabbath school, my boy, and his knowledge of theology wouldn't start a country church.

Wishing to find out if he knew anything about catechism, I asked him last Sunday afternoon, if he knew who Moses was.

"Yes," says he, "I know him very well; he sells old clothes in Chatham street."

I went over to Virginia yesterday to review Berdan's Sharpshooters, and was much astonished, my boy, at their wonderful skill with the rifle. The target is a little smaller than the side of a barn, with a hole through the centre exactly the size of a bullet. They set this up, my boy, just 600 yards away, and fire at it in turn. After sixty of them had fired I went with them to the target, but could not see that it had been hit by a single bullet. I remarked this to the captain, whereupon he looked at me pityingly, and says he, "do you see that hole in the bull's eye just the size of a bullet?"

I allowed that I did.

"Well," says he, "the bullets all went through that hole!"

Now I don't mean to say that the captain lied, my boy; but it is my opinion—my private opinion, my boy, that if he ever writes a work of fiction, it will sell!

La Mountain has been up in his balloon, and went up so high that he could see all the way to the Gulf of Mexico and observe what they had for dinner at Fort Pickens. He made discoveries of an important character, my boy, and says that the rebels have concentrated several troops at Manassas. A reporter of the Tribune asked him if he could see any negro insurrections; and he said that he did see some black spots moving around near South Carolina, but found out afterward that they were some ants which had got into his telescope.

The Prince de Joinville's two sons, my boy, are admirable additions to Gen. McClellan's staff, and speak English so well that I can almost understand what they say. Two Arabs are expected here to-morrow, to take command of Irish brigades, and Gen. Blenker will probably have two Aztecs to assist him in his German division.

Yours, musingly,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

A Southern Shoe Factory.

One afternoon I visited it, and introduced myself to the superintendent as a stranger attracted thither by curiosity. He received me courteously and invited me to go through the establishment with him. I had previously learned that he was an officer of some note under the "grey eyed man of destiny," in Nicaragua. His physiognomy and manners impressed me as unmistakably Northern; but, to make assurance doubly sure, I ventured some remark which took it for granted that he was a native of New Orleans. He disclaimed this at once, informing me that he was a Missourian, from St. Louis. When I pursued the matter further, by speaking of some recent improvements in that city he replied:

"I was born in St. Louis, but left there when I was about twelve months old. Philadelphia has been my home since, until I came here to take charge of this establishment."

The work was nearly all done by machinery, run by steam. As we walked through the basement story and pointed out the different machines for cutting out and pressing the sole leather, I could not fail to notice that every one of them bore the mark of its manufacturer, followed by the incendiary words, "Boston, Massachusetts!" Then we ascended to the second story where the sowing and pegging were going on. All the stitching was done as in the large manufactories, with sewing machines run by steam—a combination of two of the gravest of mechanical inventions. Add a third, and in the printing press, the steam engine and the sewing machine, you have three of the most potent agencies of civilization. Here was the greatest curiosity of the establishment—the patent pegging machine which cuts out the pegs from a thin strip of wood, inserts the awl, and pegs two rows around the sole of a large shoe more regularly and durably than can be done by hand—all in less than twenty-five seconds. Need I add—it is a Yankee invention? One of the machines in this story for finishing, smoothing and polishing the soles, came from Paris; but all the others bore that ominous label, "Boston, Massachusetts." In the third story, devoted to "fitting" the soles, the only work done by hand and other finishing processes, the same fact was apparent—every machine was from New England.

The work was confined exclusively to plantation brogans, which were sold at the manufactory at from $13 to $19 per case of 12 pairs. This, the superintendent assured me, was cheaper than they could be imported before the import duty of twenty-four per cent. was imposed upon boots and shoes by the Montgomery Congress. But a friend engaged in that line of manufacturing, since informs me that shoes of the same quality, at the great factories in Milford, Haverhill and Lynn, Mass., are sold at prices ranging from $6 to $13 per case.

In one apartment we found three men making boxes for packing shoes ready for the market, from boards already sawed and dressed.

"Where do you get your lumber from?" I asked.

"It comes from Illinois," replied my cicerone. "We have it cut out in St. Louis before it is shipped, labor is so high here."

"Your workmen I presume are from this city?"

"No, sir. The leading men in all departments are from the North, mainly from Massachusetts and Philadelphia. We are compelled to pay them high salaries—sixty, seventy, eighty and in one case three hundred dollars a month. The subordinate workmen, who are learning the business, and whom we hope soon to put in their places, we procured here. We employ about forty-seven persons, including women and boys, and equal to about thirty men; and turn out about two hundred and fifty brogans daily.—We find it impossible to supply the demand, and are introducing more machinery, which will soon enable us to make six hundred pairs per day."

"Where do yo procure the birch for pegs?"

"From Massachusetts. It comes to us cut in strips and rolled, ready for use."

"But where do you get your leather from?"

"Well, sir," with a very searching look, as if a little suspicious that I was quizzing him—"it also comes from the North, at present; but we shall soon have tanneries at home. The South, especially Texas, produces the finest hides in the country; but they are nearly all sent to the North to be tanned and curried, and then brought back in the form of leather."

Thanking the superintendent for his courtesy, and wishing him a very good evening, I strolled homeward, reflecting upon the Southern Shoe Factory. It was admirably calculated to appeal to local patriotism, and demonstrate the feasibility of Southern manufacturing. Its Northern machinery run by Northern workmen, under a Northern Superintendent, turned out brogans of Northern leather, fastened with Northern pegs, and packed in cases of Northern pine, at an advance of only about one hundred per cent. upon Northern prices!

A RECREANT SON.—Jas. B. Clay, son of the immortal statesman and orator, Henry Clay, has been arrested and is held to bail in the sum of $10,000. "How are the mighty fallen!"

A little boy in New York set fire to the house in which he lived "just to scare" his mother last week.